1: Rattray E, G-5 (ca. 1920)1932
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Purification of the land when some one is sold: When a person sells
567 a son or a brother, he may not tell the *Ten'dan'*, nor will the latter take
783 any notice, but sooner or later some misfortune will befall the vendor,
793 or some of his family, and on consulting the *bay* (soothsayer) he will be
593 informed that his having sold some one is the cause; he will be advised to give a cow, sheep, or goat to the *Ten'dan'*. He will give the offering to the land, saying: 'My father, there was a famine, and some one sold his own son, and he has brought these things. Receive them and prevent headache and belly-ache, and give them to the land.'

769 I asked my informant why he used his father's spirit as an inter-
793 mediary. He replied, 'My ancestor knew the land before myself; all
783 our ancestors are in the ground, which is a *bagere'* (shrine).

Duties of the Ten'dan' in Connexion with the Making of a New Farm:
793 The man about to make a new farm will sacrifice to his ancestor through
782 the head of his compound. He will then take a fowl to the *kpasodan'*[1]
241 (the tenant of that land) who will give the offering to his ancestor.
427 This tenant had originally approached the *Ten'dan'* before acquiring the land, and the sub-tenant, therefore, apparently need not again do so. A *Ten'dan'*, on giving land to any one for the first time, will ask for fowls (not white ones), one for his father, one for the land. 'After sacrificing, I will conduct the man to the land, take a hoe, break the ground, and tell the man that he may begin cultivating. I show him the boundaries of his farm. I need not tell him that anything he finds on the land is mine; he knows that already. He knows, too, that if he ever refuses to allow any one to pass over his land, or if he is greedy about his crops, not giving some to those who are hungry, I have the power to drive him from the land.'

793 'The *Ten'dan'* makes the land good.' 'The *Ten'dan'* owns (or rather
425 owned, for in many places I found this ancient prerogative usurped by the Chiefs) all lost cows, sheep, goats, donkeys, fowls, iron, hoes, axes, and brass ornaments. A *Ten'dan'* is never succeeded by his brother
● [292] or by his son. This hat [referring to the distinctive string hat worn by *Ten'dan'*] is not a rich thing. Any one in a section may become *Ten'dan'*.'

Again: 'When the Mampruse, under *Misore*, first came here, they captured a man near a well who said he was the *Ten'dan'* of Gbeo. Later on *Misore* found other *Ten'dam'* at Bare, Ka, and Kundugu. He did not kill them, but appointed them to sacrifice to the land and show him her *kyibir* (avoidances, Nankane *kyisiri*), and rights—avoidance of blood, right of *Ten'dan'* to lost property or anything found on the

[1] Nankane, *Kuwodana*.

1: Rattray E, G-5 (ca. 1920)1932
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Kusase

deceased's senior wife (the eldest son's maternal uncle) because a man's senior wife owns the compound and has all the work of building it up. During a man's lifetime, the eldest son may not look into his father's bag or into his grain-store, or make use of anything personally used by his father.'[1]

Widows and Children: 'Widows go to the heir, but if he does not want them, they will know this, and already have spoken to the men whom they wish to marry. Before their heads have been shaved, they must not on any account have sexual intercourse with any one. Any man who is guilty of doing so, is said "to have cut the widows' strings" (*okoa pɔkɔ nwis*) and any infant whom such an adulterer looks upon will die. These widows' strings are made by an old woman who has ceased to bear children, and, after the funeral custom, she will cut them. After this they will appear in fresh leaves and people will know they are eligible to remarry. They will marry a clansman, not some one from another town. A son may not marry any of his father's widows if the father has ever had sexual intercourse with them. The deceased's brother, if not a *nyere*, may do so. The leaves which widows wear are *tanpiba* leaves (shea butter leaves). If a wife ever puts these on (during his lifetime) her husband will divorce her, and claim back the cows.[2]

'If the widow goes outside the clan of the late husband to marry, the heir will claim from her parents the cows paid, but deducting one cow for each child borne by her. Her father in turn will recover these cows from the man whom she then marries. The children then remain with the late husband's family. Should all the cows not have been paid when the first husband died, the heir, or whichever of the clansmen take her, have to pay the balance due, otherwise no new payments are necessary. It is taboo for the heir to take for himself two widows of the same man. He chooses which he will have and gives the other to his brother, that is, if these persons want them, otherwise they may marry a clansman.' Other customs in connexion with widows and the funeral custom will be dealt with under that heading.

Children: 'The children of the deceased belong to his fellow clansman who marries the widow, but across the Volta, among the Kusase whom we call the people of the West (*Toondem*), children of widows belong to the ghost (i.e. the late husband). If the widow marries outside her late husband's clan, any children she had by her first husband remain the property of his clansman, i.e. of the heir.'

[1] Compare the Nankanse.

[2] Compare Nankanse custom.

2: Fortes E-5 (1934-1937) 1945
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Na Naam Bion, Chief of Tongo (d. 1941), wearing his red fez (*nup*) the chief emblem of his office, and clad in his finest ceremonial robes.

[Frontispiece]
[facing p. iii]

2: Fortes E-5 (1934-1937) 1945
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173 them back to differences of origin. Everyone knows that all Namoos came originally from Mampurugu, how long ago nobody can tell. The tradition of Tongo, as it was related to me on many occasions, is as follows: The ancestor who founded Tongo was Mosuor. He was the Paramount Chief (*na'ab*) of Mampurugu, but had to flee the country after being vanquished in a fight for the chiefship. When he reached Tongo the Gbizug tɛndaana, Gɛnɔt, was living there. Mosuor came to the house but found nobody there; for Tɛndaan Gɛnɔt had seen him coming and had sought refuge in the nearby hills. Now, there is a watercourse a little distance off and there he found a shallow pit beside which stood a *kiŋkaŋ* (*Ficus*) tree which was shedding its leaves. A path led from this water-hole towards the Hills and someone had been carrying water which had spilled over on to this path. 'Thereupon', to quote the version of one of my Tongo informants, 'our ancestor said, "There is someone in these hills who comes to fetch water here". So he caused the dry fig leaves to be scattered on the path and went to hide quietly. In due course he saw Tɛndaan Gɛnɔt stepping along the path, while the leaves crunched *kaya, kaya,* coming to fetch water. Thereupon our ancestor Mosuor, having seen him, caught him and asked him what he was afraid of. Why did he run away and hide? Gɛnɔt replied that he had seen him wearing a gown and that there was something on his head all red, and fear took hold of him.[1] So Mosuor brought him back and asked, "Who owns this house?" He said that it was his house, and Mosuor brought him home thither and said that he himself would settle down here and Gɛnɔt as well. He said that Gɛnɔt would be his tɛndaana to carry out the sacrifices on his behalf.'

Gbizug elders told the story of Mosuor in much the same way but omitting the trick by which Mosuor caught their ancestor, adding that it was the horses and guns of Mosuor that inspired fear in Tɛndaan Gɛnɔt.

173 608 They say, also, that having accepted Mosuor as a settler and having allotted land to him close beside his own homestead, he told Mosuor what were the taboos of the country (*tɛŋən-kiha*), and entered into a solemn pact of blood-brotherhood with him. They *ŋma pɔlɔŋ*, cut wrists. A cut was made on the wrist of each, and each licked the blood of the other. Thus *'ba leeba mabiih, ba leeba soog*, they became brethren, they became uterine brothers' and pledged themselves and their descendants to perpetual peace. This was a unique instance of blood-brotherhood, which is not practised in Taleland to-day.

773 According to this tradition, Tɛndaan Gɛnɔt told Mosuor of his kinsmen, the Ba'at-Sakpar Tɛndaana, the Wakii Tɛndaana, the Degal tɛndaana, and the Ka'ar tɛndaana. These five were the original inhabitants of the country. They sprang from the Earth itself, say their descendants. At Gbizug they declare that Tɛndaan Gɛnɔt's ancestor Bumbiogta'adug sprouted from the earth (*u bulme na*), he had no father or mother (*u ka ba u ka ma*). Pressed further they say, *'u yi Naatɛun zug sig na*—he descended from Heaven'. Heaven and Earth are one, they contend; they have the same mystical value. At Wakii they call their first

[292] [1] A red fez and a cloth tunic are the distinctive costume of chiefs of Mampuru origin. Tɛndaanas may not wear garments of cloth. They are ritually obliged to wear skins only. Chiefs and their clansmen may ride horses, tɛndaanas not.

2: Fortes E-5 (1934-1937) 1945
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764 571 562 they may come from. For these women feel themselves to be as closely akin to one another as members of the same clan, by contraposition with the Tallensi whom they have married.

764 571 562 252 The *pɔyayabəlis* act together as a single group under the leadership of the oldest among them at funeral ceremonies. The young girls perform such tasks as bringing in the great bundles of firewood required for cooking the beer. The older *pɔyayabəlis*, expert in the preparation of beer, undertake that task themselves. The younger women do the more strenuous jobs connected with cooking, such as grinding flour and preparing the other ingredients of a meal. The older women cook the porridge and meat relishes required for such rites as the setting out of consecrated food for the dead. All food required for ritual use is prepared by the *pɔyayabəlis*, since all the ritual is the preserve of the clan. As members of the clan they can be associated with the ritual activities of the clan, and as women they can carry out tasks which are appropriate to their sex in accordance with the usual division of labour. The *dubɛnib* do not prepare the food required for ritual purposes, but only the food used to give hospitality to clansmen, kinsmen, and other visitors.

764 571 562 The *pɔyayabəlis* have also to be directly represented by one of them, most appropriately by one of the older women, in many of the rites. A *pɔyayabələg* has to assist in such rites as the offering of the initial sacrifices to the spirit of the departed and to the ancestors he or she is about to join. A *pɔyayabələg* and a man of the clan see to the ritual feeding of the orphans, which takes place at different stages of the ceremonies. The various mourning strings (*miis*) which the orphans and widows have to wear during the funeral ceremonies are tied on, and at the end removed, by an elderly *pɔyayabələg*. The setting out of consecrated food for the dead is always done by one male and one female member of the clan. And then, when the final divination takes place, a man and a woman of the lineage together carry out the simple rite of restoring the dead person's body dirt (*dayat*), the symbol of his individual self, to the house where his life was spent, and whither he now returns as a spirit to whom sacrifice must be offered.

×618 728 584 Lastly, a married *pɔyayabələg* is a link between her paternal clan and her husband's clan, both in herself and in the line of descent which springs from her. This is evident nowadays from the role of the *pɔyasama* —a clansman of the bridegroom and a matrilateral kinsman of the bride's lineage—as an intermediary in marriage negotiations. It was shown in former days in peace-making ceremonies. If two clans, or groups of clans, had been at war, peace was concluded by a ritual reconciliation. In this the opponents were usually represented by a *pɔyayabələg* of each side who was married to a member of the other side, who was therefore bound by jural and moral ties to both sides and had strong emotional attachments to both, and thus symbolized the underlying interdependence of the opponents.

613 562 602 Lineage and clan consist of both their male and their female members. Though the women do not contribute to the continuity and perpetuation of the lineage, they are a source of strength to it. This is most obvious in the fact that the bride-price paid for them adds to the resources by

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(*a*) The Unity of all the Talis: The chief tindaanas of all the Talis settlements assemble to perform the rite of 'blowing the whistles' to inaugurate the Golib Festival.

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(*b*) A sacred crocodile at Zubiun crawling out of the water-hole to take a live frog offered to him by a youth of the clan. Note the latter's fearlessness.

[facing p. 160]

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lineal kin of both parties. One of the best-remembered fights of this kind broke out between Gorogo and Wakii in the very year that the British appeared on the scene of Tale life. It occurred in circumstances that made it a mystical calamity which these two clans are still expiating.

On the day that marks the climax of the *Gəlib* Festival, all the Talis and thousands of non-Talis from the rest of the country congregate on the summit of the Tong Hills for a great ritual dance. It is in the main a dance of the men of the Hill Talis clans. They come up and dance in clan contingents, wearing festive garb and carrying their weapons. The tumult is indescribable. The throngs of spectators, men, women, and children, milling backwards and forwards, the rhythmic thud of stamping feet, the harsh lilt of the choruses pulsating against the babel of the crowd, the shimmer of sweating bodies and gaudy attire, the ritual officers in their finest skins and black caps, the swift, snake-like convolutions of the dancers, all this makes a scene of thrilling excitement. The taut bodies and tense expression of the dancers show that they are keyed up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; and as they dance in separate clan contingents, an intense feeling of clan unity and pride is created in each group.

Each clan contingent accompanies its dancing with choruses for which new verses on topical themes are made every year. And the point of most of these songs is the superiority of that particular clan to all other people. There is a strong feeling of rivalry between the various clan contingents, which grows keener and keener as the day advances. The old men say that careful watch must always be kept lest any of the young men start fighting. For though there is a ritual truce on all forms of strife throughout Taleland during *Gəlib*, passions are easily inflamed during the dances.

These were the circumstances in which the fight between Gorogo and Wakii took place. The two contingents were dancing near each other. The Gorogo men sang, defiantly, '(We are like) the adder, woo! If others wish to, let them tread on its tail and see'. The Wakii contingent flung back '(We are) a beehive, woo! If others wish to, let them touch us and see'. The dancing became more furious and the two groups drew nearer and nearer each other. And then, suddenly, they clashed. In the mêlée several men were killed and many wounded before the tendaanas and men of other clans could separate them.

Bloodshed during *Gəlib* is a dreadful sacrilege; bloodshed on Tenzugu on the day of the most important ceremonies and during the dancing is a religious enormity that cannot be compared to anything else in the Tale calendar of sins. The people of Gorogo and Wakii atoned for their sacrilege by the sacrifice of many cattle and sheep to the Earth, but they have not yet freed themselves of its consequences. The Earth still exacts the toll of death after death from the sons and grandsons of the original sinners. No reprisals were taken by either clan and their relations with each other were not affected by this fight.

Such fights could not develop into general wars because they took place between clans that are closely linked together by ties of clanship or ritual collaboration, or are connected through an intercalary unit that

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PLATE XV

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(a) A mimic war parade at Ba'ari to inaugurate an elder's funeral.

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(b) The widest politico-ritual community includes all the Tallensi. Part of the vast gathering of people from all over Taleland who come to take part in or watch the concluding ceremonies and dances of the Golib Festival. Note the dust cloud raised by the dancers.

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596 centripetal pull of the *yir* in the economic sphere that the habit of co-operation and mutual help between the women of the household goes deeper as a rule than their inclination to think of their own *dugət* first. Thus there is a great deal of voluntary mutual aid between the women of the household. The things a woman owns she guards jealously; but she will often lend gladly to another woman of the household on the basis of the true reciprocity that prevails in family affairs. A woman who has prepared a new supply of shea butter, for instance, usually gives some to each of the other women of the household, knowing that some day she will receive gifts of a similar kind from them.

596 854 855 It is in the children of a family that the balance between *dug* and *yir* is most precisely embodied. They represent both the differentiation of *dug* from *dug* and the synthesis of all the *dugət* in the *yir*, in their most significant aspects. Thus, all the children of a man are formally the children of all his wives, and this might include the children of his brothers too. The women of a family, and especially co-wives, usually help one another a great deal in caring for one another's children. This commences with child-birth. As we have seen, the care of a parturient woman falls largely on her co-wives and other women of the same family. A new-born child is not given the breast at once by its mother but by another nursing mother; and a nursing co-wife would be the first person to be called upon. Later, the infant will often be left in the care of a co-wife for an hour or two or a whole day at a time if its mother has to be away from home. If a woman dies leaving young children, they are reared by her co-wives as a rule. When a girl becomes pregnant for the first time, it is one of her mother's co-wives who has the honour and duty of ceremonially girding her with the matron's perineal band. Co-wives often take pride in and show great devotion to one another's children. This is especially true of a senior wife past the age of child-bearing. Such a woman, identifying herself closely with the husband and being herself no longer engrossed in her own young children, mothers the children of her younger co-wives with zealous devotion.

593 736 And yet, as the natives constantly repeat, the relation of mother and child is unique. Its mother's co-wife can never be the same to the child as its own mother. A woman cannot have the same feelings towards her co-wife's child as towards her own child. The lot of an orphan, Tallensi say, even in a household full of women, is always a hard one. An orphan never receives the devoted attention and the selfless love which can be given only by its own mother. It has to depend upon the mercy and the sense of duty of women who are its mothers only in name.

602 736 This is the reason why small children left orphans are sometimes sent to live with their maternal grandmothers until they are big enough to fend for themselves. Some months after his mother's death I met Gundaat, a pathetic little chap of about 9. Talking about various things, we got on to the subject of mothers. Gundaat told me, in a tone of

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602 the family keep an eye on the girl lest she overstrain herself or break one
843 of the dietary taboos. If his father is alive it is he who visits diviners and appeals to th[illegible]estors.

The wom[illegible]nal family, too, are concerned, especially in a first pregnancy. W[illegible]y have been informed of it, her father appeals to his ancestors [illegible]er in her coming ordeal, and her mother and sisters bring [illegible]irewood, as her time approaches. It is also her mother's du[illegible] about the fourth or fifth month, to send one of
●[292] her co-wives to [illegible] the girl with a perineal band (*suol u voog*)', the garb of a matron; for until she has a child a woman wears no genital covering.

The prohibition against giving or accepting bride-price during a woman's pregnancy expresses this general solicitude too. Bride-price transactions involve tension and possible conflict between her father's people and her husband's; and this is not only distressing to her but dangerous to the unborn child. If, for instance, her father, defying convention and the ancestor spirits, as some men are heartless enough to do, takes her from her husband because the bride-price is not paid, the child's legitimate paternity may be prejudiced, as we have noted before, and its health suffer, or the woman herself have a difficult labour.

843 The solicitude for a woman with child reaches its peak at her confine-
844 ment and during the subsequent three or four weeks, until she has regained her strength and resumes her normal activities. Many men
846 have described to me their feelings in the hour of a wife's labour. 'You sit listening to her cries and groans of agony. You can't sleep. Your heart is clenched with fear and pity. You do not know how it will end. Do not women die in childbirth or become ill? Do not children die or get injured at birth?' A man's relief and happiness when his wife has passed safely (*salɔg*) through her confinement is written plainly in his voice and gait. Zaŋ, one of the most morose men I have known, was all smiles and affability on the morning after his wife's confinement.
[777] When friends and neighbours congratulate a man on his good luck (*zusɔŋ*, lit. good head) it is as much on account of his wife's safety as on the child's arrival.

846 During the days of seclusion—three for a boy and four for a girl—and for the next week or so, it is the husband's duty to provide sustaining food and appetizing condiments for his wife. He will go out to fetch large logs for the fire that must be kept going day and night in the woman's room while she and the babe are still weak and liable to catch cold. Every morning he will go out or send someone to collect the leaves and herbs to infuse in the hot water with which mother and child are bathed. And if necessary he will himself carry water from the water-hole or do other services for her comfort that men usually consider to be beneath their dignity.

846 A confinement also involves extra labour and the dislocation of routine
602 for the womenfolk of the husband's family. The care of the woman and

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577 765 relatives at home decide not to wait for them are the exceptions that prove the rule. In a few cases they are men who have struck root in their new environment after many years of living there and find it difficult to get away. Sometimes they find it easier to procrastinate because they originally left home through a quarrel with the deceased parent. But generally they tarry because the deceased is a proxy parent or because they have older brothers at home who will conduct the funeral. Later, perhaps, when the mantle of the lineage headship falls on their shoulders they will return, like Pal and Dema, to take over and end their lives in the ancestral home. It is a feature of Tale custom that natural human weaknesses are not unduly penalized by public opinion. As long as he lives a man can always try to make good his derelictions of filial duty. It lies between him and his ancestors. The community is neutral.

577 765 593 At funeral ceremonies of old people one also sees that filial piety includes pride in one's parents. The *koordaana*, owner of the funeral or chief mourner (that is, the deceased's oldest son), and his brothers strain their resources to the utmost to provide a lavish funeral. It is not uncommon for nearly the whole harvest of a household to be consumed in making the beer and providing the cooked food required. In addition, animals must be slaughtered in honour of the dead. A poor man may be able to give his father only a couple of sheep or goats which he has had to borrow for the purpose. On the other hand, when Doohraan, the head of Siiyɛŋ biis of Tongo, died, rich in years and in honour, his sons slaughtered a cow, a donkey, and about a dozen small stock for his spirit; and Sayawuob postponed his mother's funeral for two years so that he should be able to give her a cow. At a big funeral, when the war parade (*dee*) and the whole concourse of clansfolk, kinsfolk, neighbours, and friends of the dead stand milling at the gateway, the oldest son climbs on to the wall to address the crowd. Wearing his ceremonial plumed helmet of straw, with a large red cock in his hand, he looks down haughtily upon the crowd and delivers his harangue. His speech, spun out with all the tricks of rhetoric in the Tale repertoire, is proud almost to the point of arrogance. He is relating the great deeds of his dead father or mother. They may seem trivial, sometimes, to the cold-blooded ethnographer—so and so borrowed five cows and paid them back in two years; so and so was a redoubtable farmer who in one year sold enough grain to buy three cows; another man boldly carried off his wife from under the noses of Mamprusi who had seized her; and this old woman was a potteress who by her own efforts earned the money to buy two cows, and in addition had been faithful to her first and only husband until his death. But it is not the substance so much as the occasion of these funeral panegyrics that matter to the Tallensi. At the end of his speech the son beats the cock (or if he is a rich man it may be a goat) to death on the wall and flings it to the crowd with a challenge that any person who can claim equal achievements should take it. But

● [242] [537]

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For a man these final rites are more elaborate and variable. Among the Namoos the high-water mark of the rites is the induction of the first-born son and first-born daughter, if they survive, into those secret and forbidden things which they have avoided since infancy. The first-born son is dressed in his father's cap and smock, turned inside out.[1] A stick with a loop of string, and a piece of hollow bamboo, specially prepared for the occasion and symbolizing the father's bow and quiver, are hung round his neck. Then a procession is formed of all the children of the dead man, his first-born daughter following immediately behind the first-born son and holding on to the smock. An old man leads them round the homestead three times. Then the first-borns are taken inside through their dead father's *zɔŋ*, and are taken up to look into his granary for the first time in their lives. The whole rite is felt by the onlookers to be overwhelmingly solemn and the 'showing of the granary (*paal buur*)' is for them an intensely dramatic moment. A hush comes over the crowd of spectators as the son ascends to the granary and his mentor puts a hand behind his head and pushes it forward so that he peers into this hitherto-forbidden place. The son himself appears quite unperturbed, though this is one of the decisive moments of his life. I have been told by men who have been through this rite that they felt quite calm and collected at the time. But Tallensi are that way, and this is perhaps a sign of the efficacy of their ritual practices.

Among the Talis and other non-Namoos, the parallel rite is that of sending the quiver (*ta'ah loko*) of the dead man to the External *Bɔyar*. When an old man dies, his quiver is hidden in his principal granary by one of the elders and his oldest son and daughter are thereafter forbidden to look into the granary until the end of the funeral ceremonies. 'If they did', a Yinduuri elder once explained to me, 'they would see the spirit of the dead man and die.' Younger sons and daughters are free to look into the granary. This is of particular interest as a parallel to the Namoo taboos; but with the Talis the ritual and affective expression of the tension between father and eldest son is concentrated in the period when its meaning is most significant to the son, the transition period between the extinction of his father's social personality and his assumption of his father's place. For the rite of 'sending the quiver', the 'quiver' (consisting of a real bow and a symbolical quiver exactly like that used by the Namoos) is taken from the granary by the oldest son. Followed by his father's senior surviving wife he is escorted by the clan elders to the External *Bɔyar*. Sacrifices are made to the ancestors and especially to the dead man, who now belongs to the realm of the ancestors, and his 'quiver' is left in the *Bɔyar* in token of his final departure from the world of the living.

We must conclude that the distinction Tallensi make, both in custom

[1] To distinguish the context of death from that of life and to symbolize the reversal of the taboo.

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PLATE 16

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a. The members of a segment of a maximal lineage gather at the homestead of the head of the segment to sacrifice to their immediate founding ancestor. 'Sisters' sons' of the segment have the right to be present. The sacrifice has been performed and the goat offered is now being divided up. The two 'sisters' sons' (nearest the camera, wearing caps) sit waiting for their portion of the meat. Note the active interest in the process of cutting up the goat taken by the members of the lineage, most of whom are standing up, by contrast with the passive interest of the 'sisters' sons' on the fringe

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b. Matrilateral kin come to set up a new shrine (the mud cone against the wall, right background) for the grandmother of Pirbazaa (extreme right)

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About noon, the owner of the pool arrives, usually quite unceremonially, followed by kinsmen and kinswomen. The owner of the first pool to be fished in 1934 was a minor chief of the *Namoos* group, the *Bolgraana*, who had only recently been installed. To mark this, his first fishing expedition, he arrived escorted by musicians and in the full splendour of his red cap, the prime badge of his rank, and a gaudy gown. The musicians at once became the centre of an eager crowd which soon disposed itself in a dance, while the chief proceeded to his seat under a tree near the bank, the traditional place "where my ancestors (former chiefs) used to sit," he explained. The owner of a pool always registers his claims, in the first instance, by thus taking up his traditional seat, though he need not remain there once the fishing commences.

The multitude is now all keyed up, ready for the plunge. People begin to move about, a tumult of conversation rises from the far side of the river, showing how intense is the anticipatory excitement. As yet not a single person has dared to enter the pool, except at its very fringe to get a drink of water. But the most important preparatory activity is still to come—the magic. The owner is discussing this and other matters with half a dozen elders and men of rank, kinsmen and clansmen from several *Namoos* settlements, or, if he belongs to the *Tallis* group, from *Tallis* settlements. The groups never mix in this sort of situation, in which political, legal, and ritual prerogatives are canvassed. Nevertheless the discussion is not private, nor is its subject matter stereotyped. But its purpose is clear: to affirm the owner's rights. The nature and basis of these rights were formulated explicitly and with vigour in one such discussion: So and so, the chief, owns this pool. His ancestors held the chieftainship before him and owned the pool; he was invested by the Paramount Chief according to the prescribed and traditionally ordained procedure; therefore he owns the pool, as his ancestors did before him, and is consequently entitled to the traditionally fixed tribute, the first fish of respectable size which anyone catches. Nobody must cheat or fight about a fish, as was done in the previous expedition. All this is repeated over and over in rhetorical monologue by each member of the *extempore* council. It is, of course, perfectly well known to everybody, and, what is more curious, the speakers seem to address themselves entirely to their own circle, some of whom will not even enter the water, and all of whom will receive a share of the chief's tribute if the catch is a good one. The purpose of the discussion is apparently not publicity but psychological—assuring the owner that his rights are acknowledged, encouraging him, demonstrating to him that the most respected citizens are on his side and on the side of the traditional guarantees of property rights.

Now comes the crucial act of the series leading up to the actual fishing, the performance of the magical rites. The officiant has been waiting for the owner's word to start at the appointed, traditionally hallowed place, on the bank or by the waterside, surrounded by a number of men and boys of his own lineage, all descendants of the ancestor who originally acquired the magic. There are a number of typical features—

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tion to enter into an acount of the dynamics of the dance itself. It is the first Gingaun incomparably enhanced. The older men, expert dancers, are in charge, though the younger ones and even women and children have full freedom to join.

A point of psychological interest is the choral refrain which provides the organizing slogan for the dance. It consists of a verse taunting a member of a co-clan of Tongo with some moral failing. To taunt the Tallis thus would be tantamount to declaring war.

The festival reaches a climax in the second week of the moon, when it squeezes out every other social activity. In the dance this is marked by a striking bit of pantomime which symbolizes the pride of the Namoos in their chieftainship and chiefly ancestors. Suddenly, long after midnight, when the moon is at its highest and the dance at a pitch of intensity, a dozen solemn figures begin to press slowly towards the center of the dance. Spectators and dancers make way for them. They stand in rank, shoulder to shoulder, unlike the dancers who form a file. The dancers shuffle, leap and stamp, but they bob gravely from foot to foot, erect, faces set like masks, chanting a low, wordless chant. They wear faded red caps and gorgeous, though sometimes tarnished, gowns—the garb of chiefs—and carry spears. They represent their grandfathers and ancestors who had been chiefs and men of rank. The natives delight both in the dramatic contrast, and in identifying the chiefs whom the mummers represent.

And now ritual returns. On the fifteenth night there is no dancing. On the contrary, not a single person stirs out of doors after dark. For that night all the ancestors of Tongo come to dance Gingaun, and he who hears or sees the phantom dance dies at once. Everybody hangs out his or her finest garments for the ancestors to borrow for their dance—spiritually, of course. For they keep a sharp look-out against human thieves, who have been known not to respect the occasion. Next day, towards noon, the Baari Tendaana calls upon the Chief of Tongo, bringing a small pot of consecrated beer. All present must drink of it, and the ancestors too, for a gourd-full is sent out to be poured on the grave of Mosur. It is a convivial scene, which instantly becomes serious as the Chief begins to address the Tendaana. This is the gist of his speech: The day has returned for us to meet as our ancestors used to, and to do as they did so that we shall have untroubled sleep, marry new wives, and beget many children. We have had a good harvest. May we all live to see Golib and sow our millet in that moon successfully. May my chiefly ancestors and Mosur permit this and permit us to gain new life so that next year at this time we again celebrate Daa. The Tendaana responds with a similar blessing, saying that Baat

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For this was the site of the first Gbizug Tendaana's compound when he received Mosur; and it is here that the Gbizug Tendaana receives every newly elected Chief of Tongo. After his investiture the Chief must never set foot in it again.

Towards evening a brother of the Chief arrives at the dancing ground, wearing the red cap and the gown, the insignia of a chief, and followed by boys carrying pots of beer. He takes his seat on the flat rock on which every newly elected chief sits down to await the Gbizug Tendaana. For an hour or two he sits gravely there, receiving the humble greetings of the men of Tongo. He is Chief for the nonce. Then a messenger arrives to announce the Gbizug Tendaana. The latter, escorted by men of his lineage, arrives in the dark and greets the mock-chief. The beer is divided out among those present, and then the Tendaana retires a dozen paces. In a voice inaudible to the Namoos, he calls upon his ancestor, the first Tendaana, and asks for the blessings of a good harvest, wives, children, and happiness in the coming year. The mock-chief dismisses his people and takes the homeward path, followed at some distance by the Tendaana and his people. As soon as he arrives at the Chief's compound, he and every other person in the compound, including the Chief himself, hides behind closed doorways in the rooms. The Tendaana enters a silent and empty compound. He goes to the secret place where the sacrosanct Chieftainship fetish is kept, pours a libation to it, and asks blessings for the Chief and all the land. When he has finished he enters the Chief's room to offer him New Year greetings, and so departs. Thus is the Chief every year renewed by a symbolic drama reenacting his first installation.

Two more days of festivity remain, during which all Tongo celebrates the New Year. Great quantities of food are cooked; there is visiting and counter-visiting, especially by affinal and cognatic relatives, and every one congratulates his neighbor on having seen another year. But the major interest of Daa is the holocaust of sacrifices which accompanies it. Fowls, guinea fowls, dogs, sheep, goats are slaughtered by the dozen in sacrifice to ancestors and to medicine fetishes. The roots of the latter are renewed, and thus given a new lease of life. There is more dancing to celebrate this, and another visit of the Baari Tendaana to the Chief to invoke blessings for the coming year. When the moon ends a few days after, the Namoos have finally done with their Harvest and New Year festival. Before that the Chief may not eat of the new guinea corn, though commoners do.

Two points deserve notice in this series of ritual celebrations. First, they express clearly the ambivalent relationships between the Namoos and their neighbors, and the bridging function of the Gbizug Tendaana. It is as if they were joined in a mutual responsibility each for the other,